

A TALE OF THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

DURING the fall of the year 1827, while residing near Charlottesville in Virginia, I casually made the acquaintance of a Mr. Augustus Bedloe. This young gentleman was remarkable in every respect, and excited in me a profound interest and curiosity. I found it impossible to comprehend him either in his mental, his moral, or his physical relations. Of his family I could obtain no satisfactory account. Where he came from I never ascertained. Even about his age—although I call him a young gentleman—there was something which perplexed me in no little degree. He certainly *seemed* young—and he made a frequent point of speaking about his youth—but there were moments when I should have had little trouble in imagining him a hundred years of age. But in no regard was he more peculiar than in his personal appearance. He was singularly tall and thin. He stooped much. His limbs were exceedingly long and emaciated. His forehead was broad and low. His hair resembled the web of the spider in its tenuity and levity. His complexion was absolutely bloodless. His mouth was large and flexible, and his teeth were more wildly uneven, although sound, than I had ever before seen teeth in a human head. The expression of his smile, however, was by no means unpleasing, as might be supposed; but it had no variation whatever. It was one of profound melancholy—of a phaseless and unceasing gloom. His eyes were abnormally large, and round like those of a cat. The pupils, too, upon any accession or diminution of light, underwent contraction or dilatation, just such as is observed in the feline tribe. In moments of excitement the orbs grew bright to a degree almost inconceivable; seeming to emit luminous rays, not of a reflected but of an intrinsic lustre, as does a candle or the sun; yet their ordinary condition was so totally vapid, filmy and dull, as to convey the idea of the eyes of a vulture, or even of a long-interred corpse.

These peculiarities of person appeared to cause him much annoyance, and he was continually alluding to them in a sort of half explanatory half apologetic strain, which, when I first heard it, impressed me very painfully. I soon, however, grew accustomed to it, when my uneasiness wore off. It seemed to be his design rather to insinuate than directly to assert, that, physically, he had not always been what he was—that a long series of neuralgic attacks had reduced him, from a condition of more than usual personal beauty, to that which I saw. For many years past he had been attended by a physician, named Templeton—an old gentleman, perhaps seventy years of age—whom he had first encountered at Saratoga, and from whose atten-

tions, while there, he either received, or fancied that he received, great benefit. The result was that Bedloe, who was wealthy, had made an arrangement with Doctor Templeton, by which the latter, in consideration of a liberal annual allowance, had consented to devote his time and medical experience exclusively to the care of the invalid.

Doctor Templeton had been a traveller in his younger days, and, at Paris, had become a convert, in great measure, to the doctrines of Mesmer. It was altogether by means of magnetic remedies that he had succeeded in alleviating the acute pains of his patient; and this success had very naturally inspired the latter with a certain degree of confidence in the opinions from which the remedies had been deduced. The Doctor, however, like all enthusiasts, had struggled hard to make a thorough convert of his pupil, and finally so far gained his point as to induce the sufferer to submit to numerous experiments. By the frequent repetition of these, a result had arisen which of late days has become so common as to attract little or no attention, but which, at the period of which I write, had very rarely been known in America. I mean to say that between Doctor Templeton and Bedloe there had grown up, little by little, a very distinct and strongly marked *rapport*, or magnetic relation. I am not prepared to assert, however, that this *rapport* extended beyond the limits of the simple sleep-producing power; but this power itself had attained great intensity. At the first attempt to induce the magnetic somnolency, the mesmerist entirely failed. In the fifth or sixth he succeeded very partially, and after long continued effort. Only at the twelfth was the triumph complete. After this, the will of the patient succumbed rapidly to that of the physician, so that, when I first became acquainted with the two, sleep was brought about, almost instantaneously, by the mere volition of the operator, even when the invalid was unaware of his presence. It is only now, in the year 1843, when similar miracles are witnessed daily by thousands, that I dare venture to record this apparent impossibility as a matter of serious fact.

The temperament of Bedloe was, in the highest degree, sensitive, excitable, enthusiastic. His imagination was singularly vigorous and creative; and no doubt it derived additional force from the habitual use of morphine, which he swallowed in great quantity, and without which he would have found it impossible to exist. It was his practice to take a very large dose of it immediately after breakfast, each morning—or rather immediately after a cup of strong coffee, for he ate nothing in the forenoon—

and then to set forth alone, or attended only by a dog, upon a long ramble among the chain of wild and dreary hills that lie westward and southward of Charlottesville, and are there dignified by the title of the Ragged Mountains.

Upon a dim, warm, misty day, towards the close of November, and during the strange *interregnum* of the seasons which in America is termed the Indian Summer, Mr. Bedloe departed, as usual, for the hills. The day passed, and still he did not return.

About eight o'clock at night, having become seriously alarmed at his protracted absence, we were about setting out in search of him, when he unexpectedly made his appearance, in health no worse than usual, and in rather more than ordinary spirits. The account which he gave of his expedition, and of the events which had detained him, was a singular one indeed.

"You will remember," said he, "that it was about nine in the morning when I left Charlottesville. I bent my steps immediately to the mountains, and, about ten, entered a gorge which was entirely new to me. I followed the windings of this pass with much interest. The scenery which presented itself on all sides, although scarcely entitled to be called grand, had about it an indescribable, and to me a delicious aspect of dreary desolation. The solitude seemed absolutely virgin. I could not help believing that the green sods and the gray rocks upon which I trod, had been trodden never before by the foot of a human being. So entirely secluded, and in fact inaccessible, except through a series of accidents, is the entrance of the ravine, that it is by no means impossible that I was indeed the first adventurer—the very first and sole adventurer who had ever penetrated its weird recesses.

"The thick and peculiar mist, or smoke, which distinguishes the Indian Summer, and which now hung heavily over all objects, served, no doubt, to deepen the vague impressions which these objects created. So dense was this pleasant fog, that I could at no time see more than a dozen yards of the path before me. This path was excessively sinuous, and as the sun could not be seen, I soon lost all idea of the direction in which I journeyed. In the meantime the morphine had its customary effect—that of enduing all the external world with an intensity of interest. In the quivering of a leaf—in the hue of a blade of grass—in the shape of a trefoil—in the humming of a bee—in the gleaming of a dew-drop—in the breathing of the wind—in the faint odours that came from the forest—there came a whole universe of suggestion—a gay and motley train of rhapsodical and immethodical thought.

"Busied in this I walked on for several hours, during which the mist deepened around me to so great an extent, that at length I was reduced to an absolute groping of the way. And now an indescribable uneasiness possessed me—a species of nervous hesitation and tremor. I feared to tread, lest I should be precipitated into some abyss. I remembered, too, strange stories told about these Ragged

Hills, and of the uncouth and fierce races of men who tenanted their groves and caverns. A thousand vague fancies oppressed and disconcerted me—fancies the more distressing because vague. Very suddenly my attention was arrested by the loud beating of a drum.

"My amazement was, of course, extreme. A drum in these hills was a thing unknown. I could not have been more surprised at the sound of the trumpet of the Archangel. But a new and still more astounding source of interest and perplexity arose. There came a wild rattling or jingling sound, as if of a bunch of large keys—and upon the instant a dusky-visaged and half-naked man rushed past me with a shriek. He came so close to my person that I felt his hot breath upon my face. He bore in one hand an instrument composed of an assemblage of steel rings, and shook them vigorously as he ran. Scarcely had he disappeared in the mist, before, panting after him with open mouth and glaring eyes, there darted a huge beast. I could not be mistaken in its character. It was a hyena.

"The sight of this monster rather relieved than heightened my terrors—for I now made sure that I dreamed, and endeavoured to arouse myself to waking consciousness. I stepped boldly and briskly forward. I rubbed my eyes. I called aloud. I pinched my limbs. A small spring of water presented itself to my view, and here, stooping, I bathed my hands and my head and neck. This seemed to dissipate the equivocal sensations which had hitherto annoyed me. I arose a new man, and proceeded steadily and complacently on my unknown way.

"At length, quite overcome with exertion and with a certain oppressive closeness of the atmosphere, I seated myself beneath a tree. Presently there came a feeble gleam of sunshine, and the shadow of the leaves of the tree fell faintly but definitively upon the grass. At this shadow I gazed wonderingly for many minutes. Its character stupefied me with astonishment. The tree was a palm.

"I now arose hurriedly, and in a state of fearful agitation—for the fancy that I dreamed would serve me no longer. I saw—I felt that I had perfect command of my senses—and these senses now brought to my soul a world of novel and singular sensation. The heat became, all at once, intolerable. A strange odor loaded the breeze. A low continuous murmur, like that arising from a full but gently-flowing river, came to my ears, intermingled with the peculiar hum of multitudinous human voices.

"While I listened in an extremity of astonishment which I need not attempt to describe, a strong and brief gust of wind bore off the incumbent fog as if by the wand of an enchanter.

"I found myself at the foot of a high mountain, and looking down into a vast plain, through which wound a majestic river: On the margin of this river stood an Eastern-looking city, such as we read of in the Arabian Tales, but of a character

more singular than any there described. From my position, which was far above the level of the town, I could perceive its every nook and corner, as if delineated upon a map. The streets seemed innumerable, and crossed each other irregularly in all directions, but were rather long winding alleys than streets, and absolutely swarmed with inhabitants. The houses were wildly picturesque. On every hand was a wilderness of balconies, of verandahs, of minarets, of shrines, and fantastically carved oriels. Bazaars abounded; and in these were displayed rich wares in infinite variety and profusion—silks, muslins, the most dazzling cutlery, the most magnificent jewels and gems. Besides these things were seen, on all sides, banners and palanquins, litters with stately dames close veiled, elephants gorgeously caparisoned, idols grotesquely hewn, drums, banners, and gongs, spears, silver and gilden maces. And amid the crowd, and the clamour, and the general intricacy and confusion—amid the million of black and yellow men, turbaned and robed, and of flowing beard, there roamed a countless multitude of holy filleted bulls, and clambered, chattering and shrieking about the cornices of the mosques, and clinging to the oriels and minarets, vast legions of the filthy but sacred ape. From the swarming streets to the banks of the river, there descended innumerable flights of steps leading to bathing-places, while the river itself seemed to force a passage with difficulty through the vast fleets of deeply-burthened ships that far and wide encumbered its surface. Beyond the limits of the city arose, in frequent majestic groups, the palm and the cocoa, with other gigantic and weird trees of vast age, and here and there might be seen a field of rice, the thatched hut of a peasant, a tank, a stray temple, a gipsy camp, or a solitary graceful maiden taking her way, with a pitcher upon her head, to the banks of the magnificent river.

"You will say that now, of course, I dreamed; but not so. What I saw—what I heard—what I felt—what I thought—had about it nothing of the unmistakable idiosyncrasy of the dream. All was rigorously self-consistent. At first, doubting that I was really awake, I entered into a series of tests which soon convinced me that I really was. Now, when one dreams, and, in the dream, suspects that he dreams, the suspicion *never fails to confirm itself*, and the sleeper is almost immediately aroused. Thus Novalis errs not in saying that "we are near waking when we dream that we dream." Had the vision occurred to me as I describe it, without my suspecting it as a dream, then a dream it might absolutely have been, but, occurring as it did, and suspected and tested as it was, I am forced to class it among other phenomena."

"In this I am not sure that you are wrong," observed Doctor Templeton, "but proceed. You arose and descended into the city."

"I arose," continued Bedloe, regarding the Doctor with an air of profound astonishment, "I

arose, as you say, and descended into the city. On my way I fell in with an immense populace, crowding, through every avenue, in the same direction, and exhibiting in every action the wildest excitements. Very suddenly, and by some inconceivable impulse I became intensely imbued with personal interest in what was going on. I seemed to feel that I had an important part to play, without exactly understanding what it was. Against the crowd which environed me, however, I experienced a deep sentiment of animosity. I shrunk from amid them, and, swiftly, by a circuitous path, reached and entered the city. Here all was the wildest tumult and contention. A small party of men, clad in garments half Indian half European, and officered by gentlemen in a uniform partly British, were engaged, at great odds, with the swarming rabble of the alleys. I joined the weaker party, arming myself with the weapons of a fallen officer, and fighting I knew not whom with the nervous ferocity of despair. We were soon overpowered by numbers, and driven to seek refuge in a species of kiosk. Here we barricaded ourselves, and, for the present, were secure. From a loop-hole near the summit of the kiosk, I perceived a vast crowd, in furious agitation, surrounding and assaulting a gay palace that overhung the river. Presently, from an upper window of this palace, there descended an effeminate-looking person, by means of a string made of the turbans of his attendants. A boat was at hand, in which he escaped to the opposite bank of the river.

And now a new and altogether objectless impulse took possession of my soul. I spoke a few hurried but energetic words to my companions, and, having succeeded in gaining over a few of them to my purpose, made a frantic sally from the kiosk. We rushed amid the crowd that surrounded it. They retreated, at first, before us. They rallied, fought madly, and retreated again. In the mean time we were borne far from the kiosk, and became bewildered and entangled among the narrow streets of tall overhanging houses, into the recesses of which the sun had never been able to shine. The rabble pressed impetuously upon us, harassing us with their spears, and overwhelming us with flights of arrows. These latter were very remarkable, and resembled in some respects the writhing creese of the Malay. They were made to imitate the body of a creeping serpent, and were long and black, with a poisoned barb. One of them struck me upon the right temple. I reeled and fell. An instantaneous and deadly sickness seized me. I struggled—I gasped—I died."

"You will hardly persist now," said I, smiling, "that the whole of your adventure was not a dream. You are not prepared to maintain that you are dead?"

When I said these words, I of course expected some lively sally from Bedloe in reply, but, to my astonishment, he hesitated, trembled, became fearfully pallid, and remained silent. I looked towards Templeton. He sat erect and rigid in his chair—

his teeth chattered, and his eyes were starting from their sockets. "Proceed!" he at length said hoarsely to Bedloe.

"For many minutes," continued the latter, "my sole sentiment—my sole feeling—was that of darkness and nonentity, with the consciousness of death. At length there seemed to pass a violent and sudden shock through my soul, as if of electricity. With it came the sense of elasticity and of light. This latter I felt—not saw. In an instant I seemed to rise from the ground. But I had no bodily, no visible, audible, or palpable presence. The crowd had departed. The tumult had ceased. The city was in comparative repose. Beneath me lay my corpse, with the arrow in the temple, the whole head greatly swollen and disfigured. But all these things I felt—not saw. I took interest in nothing. Even the corpse seemed a matter in which I had no concern. Volition I had none, but I appeared to be impelled into motion, and flitted buoyantly out of the city, retracing the circuitous path by which I had entered it. When I had attained that point of the ravine in the mountains, at which I had encountered the hyena, I again experienced a shock as of a galvanic battery; the sense of weight, of substance and of volition returned. I became my original self, and bent my steps eagerly homewards—but the past had not lost the vividness of the real—and not now, even for an instant, can I compel my understanding to regard it as a dream."

"Nor was it," said Templeton, with an air of deep solemnity, "yet it would be difficult to say how otherwise it should be termed. Let us suppose only that the soul of the man of to-day is upon the verge of some stupendous psychal discoveries. Let us content ourselves with this supposition. For the rest, I have some explanation to make. Here is a water-colour drawing which I should have shown you before, but which an unaccountable sentiment of horror has hitherto prevented me from showing."

We looked at the picture which he presented. I saw nothing in it of an extraordinary character, but its effect upon Bedloe was prodigious. He nearly fainted as he gazed. And yet it was but a miniature portrait—a miraculously accurate one, to be sure—of his own very remarkable features. At least this was my thought as I regarded it.

"You will perceive," said Templeton, "the date of this picture—it is here, scarcely visible, in this corner—1780. In this year was the portrait taken. It is the likeness of a dead friend—a Mr. Oldeb—to whom I became much attached at Calcutta, during the administration of Warren Hastings. I was then only twenty years old. When I first saw you, Mr. Bedloe, at Saratoga, it was the miraculous similarity which existed between yourself and the painting, which induced me to accost you, to seek your friendship, and to bring about those arrangements which resulted in my becoming your constant companion. In accomplishing this point, I was urged partly, and perhaps principally, by a regretful memory of the deceased, but also, in

part, by an uneasy and not altogether horrorless curiosity respecting yourself.

"In your detail of the vision which presented itself to you amid the hills, you have described, with the minutest accuracy, the Indian city of Benares, upon the Holy River. The riots, the combats, the massacre, were the actual events of the insurrection of Cheyte Sing, which took place in 1780, when Hastings was put in imminent peril of his life. The man escaping by the string of turbans, was Cheyte Sing himself. The party in the kiosk were sepoys and British officers, headed by Hastings. Of this party I was one, and did all I could to prevent the rash and fatal sally of the officer who fell, in the crowded alleys, by the poisoned arrow of a Bengalee. That officer was my dearest friend. It was Oldeb. You will perceive by these manuscripts," (here the speaker produced a note-book in which several pages appeared to have been freshly written) "that at the very period in which you fancied these things amid the hills, I was engaged in detailing them upon paper here at home."

In about a week after this conversation, the following paragraphs appeared in a Charlottesville paper.

"We have the painful duty of announcing the death of Mr. AUGUSTUS BEDLO, a gentleman whose amiable manners and many virtues have long endeared him to the citizens of Charlottesville.

"Mr. B., for some years past, has been subject to neuralgia, which has often threatened to terminate fatally, but this can be regarded only as the mediate cause of his decease. The proximate cause was one of especial singularity. In an excursion to the Ragged Mountains, a few days since, a slight cold and fever was contracted, attended with great determination of blood to the head. To relieve this, Dr. Templeton resorted to topical bleeding. Leeches were applied to the temples. In a fearfully brief period the patient died, when it appeared that, in the jar containing the leeches, had been introduced, by accident, one of the venomous vermicular sangsues which are now and then found in the neighbouring ponds. This creature fastened itself upon a small artery in the right temple. Its close resemblance to the medicinal leech caused the mistake to be overlooked until too late.

"N. B. The poisonous sangsue of Charlottesville may always be distinguished from the medicinal leech by its blackness, and especially by its writhing or vermicular motions, which very nearly resemble those of a snake."

I was speaking with the editor of the paper in question, upon the topic of this remarkable accident, when it occurred to me to ask how it happened that the name of the deceased had been given as Bedlo.

"I presume," said I, "you have authority for this spelling, but I have always supposed the name to be written with an e at the end."

"Authority?—no," he replied. "It is a mere

typographical error. The name is Bedloe with an e, all the world over, and I never knew it to be spelt otherwise in my life."

"Then," said I mutteringly, as I turned upon

my heel, "then indeed has it come to pass that one truth is far stranger than any fiction—for Bedlo, without the e, what is it but Oldeb conversed? And this man tells me it is a typographical error."

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THE EARL OF FLANDERS.

BY AGNES SEYMOUR.

IN a lofty and richly decorated apartment in the mansion of the Duke of Brabant in Paris, stood two figures, the one a youthful knight, tall and finely formed, with lofty brow, slightly aquiline nose, a mouth like the bow of Cupid, over which curled a small moustache, and large eyes of the deep blue of the heavens at midnight, which were bent beaming with admiration and love on his companion, a fair young girl, whose beauty of form and face was well worthy of the devotion even of the knight who stood by her side. But the brilliancy of her fine hazel eyes was dimmed with tears, and the high white forehead bore the mark of care, as though he had pressed it with his iron finger. The knight was the young Earl of Flanders; the lady, Constance, daughter of the Duke of Brabant.

"Nay, cheer thee, Constance," said the earl. "What canst thou fear? Have not my subjects invited me to return to my native land; have they not promised to receive thee as their sovereign lady, and bestow on me far greater power than any of my ancestors have hitherto possessed? And surely thou canst not fear that I would be faithless to thee, and wed the daughter of Edward of England? Must I again swear to thee that while I live no other brow than thine shall bear the crown of Flanders? Nay, Constance, though I had never seen thee, never loved thee, the daughter of him whose murderous countrymen slew my father as he fought like a gallant and true knight for his friend and ally, Philip of France, on the fatal field of Cressy, shall never share my throne."

"I doubt not thy love for me or thy hatred for Edward," said the fair girl; "but I doubt the promises of the Flemings. Have they not already declared that they would rather see Isabella of England thy bride than Constance of Brabant? Have not the messengers of Edward taught them to look upon France with mistrust, and to look to England for support and protection against that nation for which thy gallant father died? Thou art their sovereign, but, alas! ere now sovereigns have been compelled to consult the wishes of their subjects."

"I would die ere I would relinquish thee, or marry the daughter of my father's murderer!" cried the earl, with flashing eye and contracted brow. "Rebellious traitors! let them beware if they dare to thwart me in the dearest wish of my heart. Constance," added he, in a softer tone, "sooner than wed another, cheerfully would I pour forth the last drop of blood that flowed in my veins; for without thee, the world would be to me a desert, a prison-house from which I would gladly be set free by death."

"Speak not thus, Lewis, I implore thee," cried the terrified girl. "Unworthy indeed would I be of thy love did I wish thee to sacrifice aught for me; but thy life—oh Heaven!" and she covered her face with her hands. "Listen to me," she continued, more calmly, after a moment's pause; "thou mayest, indeed, be forced to choose between thy throne, perhaps even thy life, and thy love for Constance of Brabant; and if so, I charge thee think not of me; let me not accuse myself of being the cause of thy misfortunes; embitter not my life with the agonizing thought that but for me thou wouldst be happy! Oh! Lewis, sacrifice naught for me—to know that thou art happy will be happiness enough for Constance!"

"Honour, Constance," said the earl, "is of more value than life or a throne. My word is pledged to thee, and no earthly power can compel me to break it. But let us not part thus," he added, soothingly; "believe me, thy fears are vain. And now, dearest, farewell; soon will I return to claim thee as my bride."

The young Earl of Flanders was about to return to his native land, which he had never seen since he left it in childhood to be educated with the royal family of France. The wealth and importance of his dominions had made his alliance desirable to Edward the Third of England, who was anxious that he should marry his daughter Isabella, and had by his artful representations, rendered the Flemings almost unanimous in favour of the marriage. But the young prince declared his intention never to ally himself to one whom he considered as the murderer of his father, while at the same time he announced his resolution of espousing Constance, daughter of the Duke of Brabant. Anxious to have the young earl in Flanders, and pleased with the promises made in his name by the Duke of Brabant, the principal noblemen and the councils of the most important towns consented to the union, and entreated him to return, informing him that if he did so, the royal rights and privileges should be extended to a greater degree than heretofore they ever had been.

The young sovereign was received with every demonstration of joy; magnificent presents were made him by the principal towns, and his progress through his dominions was one continued triumph. But this was not to last. The King of England, determined to prevent the marriage of the earl with Constance, sent the Earls of Arundel and Northampton and Lord Reginald Cobham into Flanders, who succeeded so well in their mission, that the fear and hatred of France that had been before ex-

cited, again broke forth; and a large deputation of nobles and of the principal citizens waited upon the earl, and represented to him that it was the earnest wish of the people that he should wed Isabella of England. He returned the same answer that he had done previously, adding that he should still refuse though she brought the moiety of Europe as her dower, and that his word was pledged to the daughter of the Duke of Brabant, and nothing should induce him to break it. They used every entreaty, but in vain. At last, a stern baron stepping forward, addressed him thus—

“Lewis of Flanders, thou hast been received by us with love and respect and joy; we have extended thy privileges in our delight at having thee amongst us; we had even given our consent to thy marriage with the object of thy boyish passion, until we were shown the dangers that awaited such a step, and the advantages we would possess as the friends and allies of England. We have reasoned with thee, entreated thee; but since thou wilt not be advised by us, thou canst not expect we will submit to thy folly. Had thy father been ruled by us, he had still lived and been the greatest prince of his times; but blinded by his love for France, he perished. Thou too, lovest France too well for the good of Flanders. If thou art allowed to go free, thou wilt ruin not only thyself but thy country; wherefore I arrest thee in the name of the citizens of Flanders, and a prisoner shalt thou remain until thou art married to Isabella of England.”

As he spoke, he advanced and laid his hand on the arm of the earl, who, enraged beyond the bounds of prudence, drew his sword and called loudly for his guard to seize the traitors. But the unhappy prince was overpowered, and the threat of the baron executed. The unfortunate earl was imprisoned, and so closely watched that escape was hopeless.

Painful as was his situation, debarred from all the enjoyments of his age and rank, a sovereign at the mercy of his subjects, the thought of Constance was the source of the most intense suffering. He pictured to himself her tears, her bitter agony; he saw her pale and despairing, and the strong man trembled like a child at the possibility of her mental suffering proving too severe for her delicate frame would present itself to his imagination.

“She will die,” he would exclaim; “they will be her murderers! But let them do their worst—never will I be faithless to thee, dearest Constance!”

But he was exposed to more serious evils than imprisonment. The Flemings were a bold and inflexible people; possessed of more liberty than any other nation at that period in Europe, they were jealous of their rights, and no consideration ever deterred them from asserting them. It was not improbable then, that enraged by his continued refusals, they might put their lord to death, or, depriving him of his rights, raise another to the sovereign power. These considerations, combined with the impossibility of escape; induced him to

feign an acquiescence, fondly hoping that he should then regain in some degree his liberty, and before the period appointed for the marriage, be enabled to escape into France.

King Edward was immediately informed of the consent of the prince, and a day appointed for their meeting at Bergues St. Vinox, between Newport and Gravelines, at the monastery of which town the betrothal was to take place. Never had so magnificent a sight been presented to the eyes of the inhabitants of Bagues. The earl came, escorted by the greater part of the nobility, and the leading men of the principal cities of Flanders, while the train of the King of England consisted of the most gallant knights of his army, and the high-born dames that accompanied the queen and princess yielded to none in grace and beauty. The sovereigns saluted each other with princely courtesy; and Edward taking the earl gently by the hand, withdrew from the immediate vicinity of the courtly throng, and assured him in the most solemn manner that he was ignorant of the presence of his father at the field of Cressy, until some time after the battle.

That night the Earl of Flanders was betrothed to the Princess Isabella. Mirth and happiness reigned the sovereigns of the night. Every eye sparkled with pleasure, and every lip was wreathed with smiles. The jest, the brilliant sallies of wit, the sparkling repartee, the most exquisite musicians that the age could produce, the courtly warriors of England and the proud Flemish nobles, the lovely English dames and the blue-eyed beauties of Flanders, robed in velvets and satins, and sparkling with gems, formed one of those brilliant scenes of festivity that relieved the darkness of the middle ages, like those meteors that flit athwart the midnight sky, startling by their brightness, and rendering the gloom still more deep when they have passed away.

But there were three hearts at least that beat not in unison with the scene. The earl, pale and flushed alternately, endeavoured in vain to feign a happiness he did not feel. He scarcely saw what was passing around him; one image alone was constantly before his eyes—his own fair Constance. The Princess Isabella, conscious of his deep love for the daughter of the Duke of Brabant, while she sympathized deeply with the unhappy young knight, shrank from the contemplation of her own fate as the bride of a man whose whole heart was devoted to another. But with woman's art of concealing her feelings, she showed few traces of what was passing within her heart, save that her delicately rounded cheek wore a deeper bloom than was its wont, and her large dark eye flashed with a feverish brilliance.

The third was a young and handsome knight who stood apart with his eyes fixed on the princess, as though the vast hall contained naught else worthy even of a passing glance. It was Reginald, Count and afterwards Duke of Guelderland. Gallant and intrepid, he was one of the few opposed

to the severe measures resorted to with respect to the earl, but absent in his own dominions, where he was engaged in quelling some disturbances which had arisen; during the dissensions between the unfortunate prince and his rebellious subjects, he had been unable to render him any assistance. Never before had he seen Isabella, but struck with the beauty and fascinating demeanor of the lovely Plantagenet, he felt that sympathy for the earl was no longer the only reason that would lead him to use his utmost endeavours to prevent his marriage with the English princess.

Nor was the deep admiration and devotion betrayed in every look and gesture, in every tone of his rich and melodious voice, unmarked by Isabella, but the slight embarrassment of manner, the deep crimson that mantled o'er her cheek when she met his eye, told not of anger or scorn; and as she contrasted his bearing with the cold courtesy of her betrothed husband, an involuntary sigh escaped her, and she felt still more acutely the painful destiny that awaited her.

A few days after the betrothal, as the royal party were enjoying a favourite amusement of both the English monarch and the earl, that of hawking, Count Reginald found himself by the side of Isabella, at some distance from the rest of the company. Too impetuous to resist so favourable an opportunity, he declared to the princess the devoted love with which she had inspired him, his determination to live and die her slave, and the utter misery of enduring an existence uncheered by her smiles. The princess listened with downcast eye, while the hot blood rushed o'er cheek and brow; and after a short pause, reminded him in a low voice that she was betrothed to another.

"I know it, lady, but too well," answered the count. "I only ask that Reginald of Guelderland claim a place in the memory, if not in the heart of Isabella; that his devotion, his adoration be at times the subject of a sorrowing thought; that his love and his misery raise a sigh of soft pity in her gentle breast; and that, should they meet again in happier times, a smile, such as angels wear when they welcome departed saints at the gates of paradise, bid him at least not despair."

And Isabella said not no!

The next day, King Edward departed to prosecute the siege of Calais, but not before the time of the marriage was decided upon, and the earl returned to Bruges.

The Lady Constance sat in her bower. In her hand was an open letter from the Earl of Flanders, that had been conveyed to her through the means of the Count of Guelderland. It contained an account of his situation, and concluded with professions of his unalterable love, and his fixed determination to wed none other than herself. "If I cannot escape ere the day appointed for the hated union, I will boldly declare my firm resolve, and perish if need be, sooner than break my plighted troth to thee."

Constance wept bitterly.

"No, never, never shalt thou die for me, dear Lewis," she exclaimed. "Bitter, agonizing as it will be to deprive myself of all hope of ever becoming thine, it shall be done sooner than expose thee to such fearful danger! Oh! Lewis, unworthy should I be of thy love, did I hesitate."

She pressed her hand on her burning brow; her tears no longer fell;—she scarcely seemed to breathe. It was as though, petrified by the agony of her despair, the but now fearfully agitated girl had been changed into a beautiful statue.

Suddenly she threw herself before a small image of the Madonna.

"Oh! holy virgin," supplicated she, "sustain me; give me strength. Ah! weak, selfish that I am," she added, springing to her feet; "I am undeserving of being his bride when I can think of my own suffering while his life is in danger. Thou shalt find, dear Lewis, that Constance too can be firm in her love for thee!"

* * * * *

Since his betrothal, the earl had been indulged in the sports of the field, and permitted to receive the visits of some of the nobles, and among others, the Count of Guelderland; for though his sentiments were suspected, he was by far too powerful, and would have proved too dangerous an enemy, to be offended by denying him access to the prince. Not less impatient of his imprisonment than the earl himself, many were the plans of escape he had devised; but so strictly was the prince guarded, he had been obliged to abandon them. One hope alone remained.

It was now within a week of the day on which the earl was to espouse the Princess Isabella. Wrought almost to frenzy, the royal prisoner was pacing his apartment in that rapid manner that indicates a mind ill at ease, when the count was announced. Seizing an opportunity when they were left for a moment alone, he gave him a letter, saying in a low voice, "From Constance of Brabant."

Shortly after the count retired, and the earl, free from observation, opened the precious missive. But scarcely had he glanced over it when the blood forsook his cheek, a deadly sickness came over him,—a black cloud seemed to rest on all around him. With a violent effort he recovered himself, and again read the fatal epistle—the death warrant to his happiness.

"I have been ill, very ill, or I would have written sooner to thee," it said. "I would have written to thee to implore thee, nay, command thee, if thou holdest the peace of mind of Constance as aught of value, to wed Isabella of England. She is young and lovely; mayest thou be happy with her. It is useless longer to resist thy destiny; further opposition would end only in ruin to thee, and endless misery to me, the cause of thy sufferings. Oh! Lewis, little didst thou know me to think for an instant I would have thee run such fearful risk for my sake! And now, blame me not for what I am about to do. Too well assured of thy love for me,

to think thou wouldst wed another while I was free, I have formed the resolution of devoting myself to the service of Heaven, and spending my life in prayers for thee. In another week I enter my noviciate. And now farewell, dearest Lewis. Think not of me;—if thou art happy, how can I be otherwise? But oh! grant me my request as thou wouldst that of a friend whom death was about to deprive thee of—let Isabella be thy bride! And now, once again, farewell, farewell for ever!”

* * * * *

The earl, accompanied by his attendants, rode forth to enjoy his favourite sport of hawking. The falconer slew his hawk at a heron, and the earl did the same with his. Apparently deeply interested in their pursuit of the game, and feeling it was probably the last opportunity of escape that might be offered to him, the earl rode rapidly after the birds, closely followed by the falconer. When at some distance from the rest of his attendants, the falconer approached him, and said, hastily—

“Fly, my lord; it is thy last hope. Fear not that I will detain thee. I have only kept near to thee to blind thy keepers yonder. Tell the Count of Guelderland when thou seest him, that Hugh the falconer has done his bidding. And now, my lord, farewell;—yonder is the road to Artois.”

* * * * *

The sun was setting in all its glory, surrounded by many coloured clouds, like a monarch with his courtiers around him. Constance watched from her lattice the gorgeous farewell of the god of day.

“Even thus,” murmured she, “passes the glory of earth—thus hath passed the glory of my life, and now come the darkness and the gloom. But I have saved thee, Lewis, I fervently hope. May the sun of thy glory never set! To-morrow I shall be lost to thee for ever—to-morrow I shall be the bride of Heaven!”

“My own—my Constance!” cried a well known voice.

She turned, and sank fainting into the arms of the Earl of Flanders.

History informs us that the Flemings, finding it useless to oppose the inclinations of their young lord, since he was in France, and consequently no longer in their power, consented to his union with the Lady Constance, and informed him if he would return they would perform all the promises they had previously made him; that they kept their word, and the earl was married to her he had so long and so truly loved. The Princess Isabella became Countess of Guelderland; and Reginald, in his happiness with the fair object of his deep devotion, was amply rewarded for his generous exertions in behalf of the young Earl of Flanders.

THE DEEP DRAWER.

BY MRS. H. F. LEE, AUTHOR OF "THREE EXPERIMENTS IN LIVING," ETC.

(Continued from p. 45.)

To bed I went, my mind deeply impressed with the precarious state of my friend's health, and wondering that he could think of matrimony at his time of life; but I could not but admit that in Mrs. Bell he had made a judicious choice. She was neither too young to make it wholly absurd, nor yet too old to be incapacitated from serving him, and, as for that lovely daughter, thought I, if I know any thing of physiology, or psychology, or craniology, (lawyers are fond of hard words,) she deserves all that can be done for her. I tried to compose myself to sleep, but the supper was continually before me; I wished I had resisted the temptation, and made sundry moral reflections, such as when the animal nature gets the upper hand, the spiritual must suffer. I felt as a drunkard must feel, if he ever returns to any glimpses of his moral nature, or of his soul, that cannot die, however he may abuse, degrade, or trample it under foot. Like phosphoric fire, it cannot be quenched, but must live for ever and ever, and bear all the self-inflicted torments of sin. And how much is the epicure or glutton raised above him? All who give predominance to the animal nature over the spiritual, degrade themselves to a level with the brute creation.

I began fully to realize these truths. I detested the whole race of pies and puddings, and actually went to sleep parodying the words of Shakspeare,—
"Give them to the dogs."

The slumbers of indigestion are not very refreshing. I know not how long I had slept, when I felt something grappling at my throat. I tried to speak, to call, but could not utter a sound. At length the agony ceased, I saw the housekeeper standing by the side of my bed, she beckoned me, the scene changed, my host was stretched before me, senseless—strange to tell, the feast of the evening before was piled up on his bed—*dough-nuts*, or fried nuts, were descending like flakes of snow. I remembered no more, my senses failed me!

In the morning I was awakened by the bright sun shining in at my windows. I started up. Was it all a dream? thought I, or have such things passed? I dressed as quickly as possible, and stepping across the entry, opened the parlour door. There sat my friend looking wan and pale; but much better than I left him the evening before. I shook hands with him, with an emotion which he must have thought disproportionate to the occasion. It was all a dream, then; I had struggled fearfully with the nightmare.

"My good madam," said I to the housekeeper, deferentially, remembering how soon she was to

be the mistress, "be so kind as to let me have a cup of black tea, and a dyspepsia biscuit." In spite of urgency, I confined myself to this repast, and felt well again.

It was a fine clear morning; the fields and woodlands were covered with the *white robe*, and the spire of the village church was visible in the distance, with its glittering vane. How strange! to put a weathercock on a church! It is to be hoped there is nothing emblematical in it—that our religious opinions are not to change with every breath of wind. It was a beautiful winter prospect, the young men were out, shovelling away the snow; all looked healthy and vigorous, but my poor friend. There he sat with his asthmatic cough, his pale face, his feeble articulation. I had now opportunity to observe the depredations time and indisposition had made upon his outward man, and I had a strong presentiment that his days were drawing to a close. This idea made me eager to do all he wished, and I became earnest to promote his matrimonial plan. In Mrs. Bell he would secure a good and faithful nurse, and she a maintenance. After breakfast I broached the subject, for I saw my friend felt awkward.

"Upon the whole," said I, "you judge wisely, to secure so faithful and kind a friend as Mrs. Bell."

"Yes," said he, "she will be to me like an own mother."

"An own mother!" but he was evidently in his second infancy—that was no affair of mine, if the good woman chose to marry him.

"I wish you," said he, "to draw up a paper, giving my whole estate to Susan, after my death, and an annuity to Mrs. Bell, which, at her death, is to be continued to her only son."

"This is truly generous," said I, to *them*, "but you have poor relations who have rationally supposed they should be remembered in your will."

"I shall recommend them to Susan's care," said he, "she and her mother must sign the papers."

I combatted this determination, as I believed myself in duty bound, as it appeared to me an evidence of his decaying powers, to cut off his near relations; but he would listen to no objection, and I set seriously about the work. It often struck me that there was a strange confusion in his mind. Sometimes he seemed to confound mother and daughter together, and then there were allusions to the son, as if he bound himself to some conditions or obligation.

Finally, the paper seemed to meet his views, and

he desired the mother and daughter might be summoned.

"You now see," said he, in the mean time, "why I said my waiting made a great difference. Susan is several years younger than myself; indeed she probably was not born when we were coming forward into life."

"Probably not," said I, a little sarcastically, which passed without notice.

"Then of course," continued he, "she could not have been my wife."

"No," said I. "But time brings us nearer to a level, and Mrs. Bell, who I suppose is near sixty, is a very suitable age for you."

"Mrs. Bell!" he exclaimed. "You don't think I am going to marry *her*!"

"Who then?" said I, astonished in my turn.

"Why, her daughter, Susan, to be sure."

I threw down my pen, and sat motionless. The mother and daughter entered. I turned with ill-disguised indignation towards them. This mercenary wretch is willing to sacrifice her daughter for money, thought I, and the daughter is not much better. Yet, as I looked at their pale, woe-begone faces, and the traces of tears on their cheeks, my indignation was somewhat abated. I read the papers, as I was desired.

"This gentleman," said my host, "is a lawyer and a justice of the peace, and will marry us, my beloved Susan, this very day—the publishment is out."

An involuntary groan escaped from her lips.

"Are you willing," said I, addressing the young girl, "to marry this man on these conditions?"

"Read the clause again," said she. I read the paper to her.

She turned to my host, "the *release* is not fully expressed, I will not sign the paper."

He was somewhat embarrassed. "I have not told the gentleman all the circumstances. I thought you would not like to have me, my dear, sweet Susan."

"Then I must tell him myself," said she; "I must see him alone."

She took me to another room. There she seemed to lose her self-command, and broke into a violent flood of tears.

"Really, madam," said I, coldly, "as far as wealth goes, you will be abundantly supplied, and yet I do not see any signs of a happy bride."

"You little know," she exclaimed, "what has led me to this measure. Wealth is valueless to me. Get but his solemn, irrevocable promise, without this horrible sacrifice, and I will bless you with my latest breath. For God's sake prevail on him to relinquish the fatal proof at any rate, and then," added she, with assumed calmness, "I care not what comes. I shall not long survive it—let it go on."

"Indeed," said I, "things must not go on till I understand what you allude to—this mystery must be explained."

"It is told in a few words," said she, mournfully.

"Two years since my mother was prevailed on to

take this place as housekeeper—she worked hard for a living, and in many respects it was a change for the better. Soon after we came, your friend talked to me like a lover. It was a source of amusement to us all—particularly my only brother, who was near my own age, and the darling of both my mother and myself. He became acquainted with a dissolute set of young men. They learnt from him our situation, and he was persuaded by them to forge your friend's name to a check for a large sum of money. He was detected, and if the prosecution goes on he will be condemned to the state-prison. The rest you may conjecture. O, sir," said she, with clasped hands, and streaming eyes, "it is not money I want; to save my brother, I am willing to make this sacrifice—a sacrifice which implicates my bounden promise to another whom I have loved from childhood. See that all is fairly done, and I will not hesitate; let us return—I only call on you, in the name of God, to have this business legally executed, and my brother safe."

"My poor child," said I, "let me first try whether I cannot prevail on my friend to relinquish this preposterous union. You admit that your brother has done the deed. Does it not deserve punishment? Let it fall upon him. By screening him from it, you may do him a far greater injury than kindness."

"O no," said she, "I know him well. It would make him desperate, and destroy my poor mother. There are circumstances which mitigate his crime."

"I believe it," said I, interrupting her, "we are neither demons nor angels. I trust there are always mitigations of crime; but we do not sometimes discern them. God sees all, and with him rests the final judgment. Remain here, I will send your mother to you. I trust you have both learned where to seek consolation and direction."

I returned, fortified with new strength, to my poor superannuated friend. I represented the misery he would draw upon himself and Susan by the marriage. I told him it was a godlike attribute to pardon those who have wronged us; but not for selfish purposes. It was a double offence to screen the offender from punishment, and make his innocent sister the victim.

This last idea he could not understand, and I did not dwell upon it; for I found I had not a stony heart to deal with. He often melted into tears, and at last said, "throw the papers into the fire." I willingly did it. It was soon settled that he should withdraw all prosecution of the young man, on condition that he went immediately on a whaling voyage, which would give him three years of labour, and I hoped of penitence. I determined to see this part of the business executed, for I felt that I had taken a somewhat painful responsibility on myself.

Mrs. Bell and Susan were then called; I told the latter she had lost a fortune, but her brother was saved from the state prison. It would be difficult to describe their gratitude. Mrs. Bell promised never to leave him, and Susan, that she would be a devoted child and servant.

There was a great change in the department of my friend, after this affair was settled. He felt as if he had done a virtuous action; and, I have no doubt, considered himself a hero.

After dinner I left him to his nap, and took a long walk through the snow. When I returned I found him with his desk before him. He had determined to give Mrs. Bell and Susan an annuity for life. "As to the rest of my estate, I shall not trouble myself about it," said he, "it may go among my relations as the law directs."

The deeds were executed at once. I partook of the light-heartedness of my friend; for, if I had not done a great action, I had at least prevented a foolish, if not a criminal one. I had now leisure to talk calmly and quietly with my friend, and I determined to improve the opportunity to the utmost; but where was the mind that once animated his discourse. I found him approaching second childhood. Sometimes he would make an observation that roused me to effort. Indeed, I once undertook to prove to him some position of political economy. I did it in a lawyerlike manner, with my right fore finger laid on the palm of my left hand. I have some talent at argument. He heard me out in silence. After I had allowed him time to weigh my argument, I pressed him for a reply. He looked up with an insipid smile, and said, he "was not attending, and he would thank me to say it over again."

Say it over again! I, who had spoken with the eloquence of a Demosthenes! I felt convinced that I was talking to the body not the mind of my friend. Those who have experienced such a conviction, will understand what a strange, painful sensation accompanies it. We are continually deluded by some passing remark, and again and again cherish the idea that we are comprehended. But the hardest trial was yet to come.

"I have been thinking," said the poor old man, in the evening, "that I had better marry Mrs. Bell; you know you thought it was a good thing. Susan was a little too young, and the mother is a little too old. You know we cannot have every thing just as we wish."

"That is true," said I, "but we won't discuss the matter to-night. It is nine o'clock. This has been a busy day—it is time for us to go to bed. To-morrow I must be off."

"I should like to have you marry us before you go."

"We will settle it to-morrow. If you and Mrs.

Bell agree, I shall not oppose it." We parted for the night, with the utmost cordiality; upon the whole I was well pleased with my old friend; I perceived that his moral sensibilities could be awakened as children's are; but the comparison went no further; while theirs may be cultivated and brought to excellence, his were but the last dying gleams of daylight.

On this second night, I retired to my room with a different set of feelings from those of the night before. The day had been a healthy one, the powers of my mind and body in mutual exercise. I had used a rational degree of activity, and resisted all the allurements of my friend's hospitable table. I now looked again upon the wintry prospect. The moon had just risen, and seemed to sleep tranquilly on the hills of snow. God's spirit was abroad. It reigned in the stillness of night. My poor friend had often gazed on these scenes in the strength of manhood—now how changed! but I trusted in the goodness of the Creator to rekindle in other worlds the undying soul. In this frame of mind I retired to bed—a deep and healthy sleep came over me—yet, in the dead of night, again the housekeeper stood before me. She held a light and spoke,—“O, sir, pray come to your poor friend.” It was no dream now. I hastened to the chamber—one glance sufficed—it was all over!—he had passed from life to death without a struggle.

There was nothing left for me to do. How little had I expected when I came, in the snow-storm, that I was to receive lessons of life, death, and immortality. My days in the city were busy, bustling ones. I had been summoned to this place to contemplate the decaying powers, and see them end in the last quiet stillness of death. And could this be all? My reason and my conscience said, “no,” Nature and revelation spoke with one voice, on the great theme of man's future being.

As the day dawned, I looked on the serene features of my friend; the traces of age were greatly obliterated. Many testimonies of his benevolence and uprightness arose to my mind. I felt that the night had passed away, and the eternal morning had arisen. If ever a visit in the country was salutary, it was this. It had left impressions never to be forgotten.

Susan has since married her first and only love. The young man, Bell, is still on his voyage to the north-west coast; but a letter has been received, which fills his mother's and sister's heart with hope of his penitence and reformation.

THE DEEP DRAWER.

BY MRS. H. F. LEE, 'AUTHOR OF "THREE EXPERIMENTS IN LIVING," ETC.

"PRAY," said I to an old friend of mine to whose library I often gained admittance, "what are you going to do with all the manuscripts in this deep drawer?"

"Nothing in the world," said he; "I have written them for my own amusement, but as there are no deeds or parchments, no musty rolls, or state or city records amongst them, I seldom open it, except to throw in an additional paper. I find writing a sort of safety valve—much of ennui and discontent escape this way, which would otherwise prey upon my solitary hours. Then I have sometimes been vain enough to think they may hereafter have some value from their antiquity. However, the truth is, that I do not set much store by them; when I want room, I empty the drawer, and consign the contents to the flames; and I never could find out that the world was less enlightened by their loss."

"Certainly not, if they lie in this dark drawer, but who knows by bringing them to the light, but they will contribute to the amusement, if nothing more, of the reading world, and keep a few busy bodies from mischief. Instead of consigning them to the flames, make them over to me, with permission to do as I please with them."

I saw the idea hit his fancy, for it took off all responsibility from him.

"Well," said he, after a pause, "I give you leave to draw, it shall be a sort of lottery. They lie promiscuously there, in your hand and take what comes first."

The receptacle was too dark for selection; yet I honestly confess, I avoided the thickest manuscripts, thinking if the one I hit upon should prove dull, the thinner the better. There is nothing so unpardonable as dullness. It was with some curiosity I read the title. It seemed to me an unpromising one. The days of the *Guardian*, the *Tatler*, even the *Spectator*, have gone by. Will *Honeycomb*, with all his wit and quaintness, would now be considered a proser.

"Have you no stories, journals, biographies, no scraps of poetry? those are the right sort of things."

"Perhaps there may be a little of all," said he, "but you must abide by your agreement."

"Be it so," I replied, "I will take this, with its unpromising title.

"A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN A SNOW STORM."

There are few people but can remember the first hearty snow storm that occurs in the season. It is an era in the year. The transition from warm to cold weather is usually gradual—but the first snow-

storm is a leap into winter. Every object is changed; and the scattered leaves which remain, are torn from the branches, and carried about by the wind in eddies, or lie motionless by the parent stem. Yet, to many the first snow-storm is not unpleasant. It is a gathering in of home comforts, particularly in the country, where a white robe is spread over every object, where it lies on the distant hills and valleys, unbroken and unsullied, sheltering nearer objects, the farm-yard and outhouses, with their harvest, from the severe cold, of which it is the harbinger.

An old friend of mine resided in the country. Though sincerely attached to him, I had not seen him for several years. I was leading the busy, bustling life of a lawyer in the city, and could never find time for this kind of recreation. I received, however, a letter from him, saying he wished to see me, on particular business, and had sent a one-horse carriage for me, hoping I would return in it the next day.

I could not refuse this summons. I knew my friend was an *octogenaire*, and supposed that he might feel indications of approaching dissolution, and be earnest to effect a legal settlement of his affairs. The weather was promising, and though the carriage was without a top, yet as it arrived on one of those mellow evenings of the closing year, when autumn seems to linger on her own premises, I anticipated real enjoyment from the ride. The sun had set with rich radiance behind the hills, and I imagined it an appropriate emblem for the work I was called to perform. I knew the old gentleman was wealthy, and had numerous poor relations scattered about the country, whose eyes were perhaps wishfully fixed on the setting sun of his closing life.

The next morning all was changed; the day came in a snow-storm—first, large flakes, in those beautiful forms which science has long since discovered belong to them, and which we tread irreverently under foot; then smaller particles, filling the atmosphere, and promising a continued snow-storm. I knew it would be a great disappointment to my friend, if I did not arrive in the evening; and therefore resolutely prepared to go. There is a great art in wrapping up one's-self comfortably, that is, in effectually excluding the snow and cold, and yet leaving a breathing place. I was no veteran in this art, for I had not for many years encountered a snow-storm, except for a short walk to my office, with an umbrella over my head, and India-rubber shoes on my feet. My great object was to guard my throat, and I bound so many tippets round it

my hat could find no resting place, but was starting from my head at every blast; and here the subtle enemy found an entrance, and made, literally, his head-quarters. To guard against these rude attacks, the hands must be employed in holding on the hat, and an inlet is made for the wintry air which completely chills you.

The present rapid way of travelling in a car heated by stoves, and flying over hills and valleys, made level, will probably destroy all commiseration in the young for a journey of forty or fifty miles through a snow-storm, drawn by one horse in an open carriage. We have but little sympathy for calamities we have not experienced. It is universally believed, that the rich have no feeling for the poor, the free for the bondman. But these are sweeping conclusions, and deserve to be analyzed, at a leisure hour. In the mean time I would ask, who provides hospitals, and alms-houses, and those salutary seminaries of education—state prisons and houses of correction? Are not the rich taxed for them?

To proceed. On I went at rather a slow pace, for my friend's horse, like his master, had grown old, and was too much in the winter of life to heed a snow-storm. If he could have spoken, how many might he have counted! I hope he will have his rest, a year of fresh pasturage, beside the flowing stream, before his limbs grow motionless, and his eyes close for ever.

I had my own reflections to beguile my journey, and thought of many things. I endeavored to summon up a recollection of the *snow-grotto*, an excavation made by the waters on the side of Mount Etna. The snow deposited here became by the proprietor an article of traffic. He knew that at Naples they make use of snow to cool their liquors. This grotto was hired or bought by the Knights of Malta, for that purpose, they having neither ice nor snow on the burning rock on which they live. The snow was sent to them when needed. They soon however found it so necessary an article, that they levelled a piece of ground of considerable extent, and enclosed it with thick walls, so that when the winds, which at this height blew with great violence, carry the snow from the higher parts of the mountain, and deposit it in this enclosure, it may be retained and amassed by the walls. They cut flights of steps into the grotto, and made openings above to enlighten it. When the snow is transported to distant places, it is put into large bags, and pressed as closely as possible, then laid upon mules which convey it to the shore, where small vessels are waiting to carry it away.

All this I thought over, and wondered whether ice-houses were not first suggested, by the snow-grotto on Mount Etna. At least, it cannot be said, as it often is of inventions, that they were thought of long before this was formed. For among all the chronological details, we have never heard that any precise date has been fixed for the birth of old Etna. My mind, however, very naturally turned to one of my own townsmen, a Bostonian, who at the

early age of eighteen, accidentally heard some gentlemen from the tropics, say they had, in unlading a vessel, seen ice between boards. From this era, he formed his plan, and determined to treat the *salamanders* with ice; and as we have an abundance of the article in New England, turn a portion of it into pure gold for his own use. But sometimes our winters are very mild, and this article is hard to be procured. Such an one occurred a few years since; there was scarcely enough to supply our own domestic ice-houses. His inventive genius did not fail him. He sent out a vessel to arrest the ice-bergs of the frozen ocean, and convert them to his purposes.

It is said that this enterprising American has now made a *Lake in the air*—that is, raised the water by machinery, so that it will freeze much sooner than in its own quiet bed. All who are disposed to witness this effort of human ingenuity, may have the opportunity by a drive to Fresh pond, in the vicinity of Boston, a spot where Nature has decked herself in her loveliest apparel.

It was night before I arrived at the gate of the long avenue which led to my friend's mansion; it was bordered by forest trees, the larch and pine were visible amongst the white snow. By a sudden turn we came full in sight of the house. It was a low, stone building, which with its out-houses covered at least half an acre. I had not seen my friend for several years, he was then full of the vigour and activity of middle age; though somewhat past it in years, he could walk eight miles a day without fatigue. I had heard but little of him since; of his early history I knew nothing. Indeed what history attaches to a bachelor? and such he was. He had always expressed a dislike to matrimony, and resisted with wonderful ingenuity all attacks upon his purse, or *heart*, as he naturally termed it.

We arrived at the mansion and the door opened to receive me. I was shown into a large room where in an arm-chair sat my old friend. But alas, how changed! When I last saw him he was well filled out, but he was now shrunk in size, and his voice was feeble and broken.

He held out his hand and received me with the utmost cordiality, telling me he had been waiting *supper* for me. There was something cheering in the sound of supper, and still more in the bright, blazing logs which filled the fire-place. Very soon an elderly woman made her appearance whom he introduced as his housekeeper. She began arranging the tea-table. I did not take particular notice of what was passing till my friend called, "Susan, come in, this is the gentleman I expected."

With some reluctance a young girl entered. She appeared to be about eighteen, her face and form were strikingly lovely—a redundancy of soft light hair was curling round her pale face, for pale it must be allowed she was; while her blue eyes were covered by long, black eye-lashes. There was that mysterious charm of expression which cannot be described, and which we are apt to think is born of

rank and education, and nurtured by refinement. I looked earnestly at the housekeeper to see whether I could trace any resemblance, and there it was, written with a pen of iron. The same cast of features, the same mould, but yet how different! Time and care, perhaps penury, and hard labour, had stamped their lines on her face, while Susan's looked as if it had come fresh from the Creator and was only touched and shaded by the sorrows of life, yet nature was true to her office—mother and daughter were written on the lineaments of both. Susan seemed in haste to depart and my friend did not detain her.

At length supper was ready—I drew up to the table and found that the hospitality of my friend and his housekeeper had discovered itself in the profusion of viands. On one side appeared a pumpkin pudding, the representative of yankee good cheer, from the first settlement of the country. On another side its friend and companion, a huge apple-pie; while that wonderful compound of all ingredients a *mince-pie*, stood by itself disdaining any associate. I might add the pyramidal structures of *fried nuts*, the plates of toast reposing in a sea of butter—the varieties of preserves, &c. &c.; but it appears too epicurean to enumerate the articles of a feast. I certainly had not lost my appetite by the long day's journey, and a slight repast at noon. Opposite sat my kind friend, and between us his housekeeper, both heaping my plate with *delicacies*, and when I flagged a little in the consumption, expressing a benevolent anxiety lest there was nothing that I liked. I certainly performed wonderfully; but at length could hold out no longer, and diminished the *corps-de-reserve* on my plate by slyly feeding two large dogs who attended me on each side with loving eyes, and appeared to be residents of the parlour. If they reasoned, and who knows but dogs do reason, how strangely and unequally must they have thought the good things of this life were distributed. Here was I urged to excess to eat more, while if they only gave a gentle pressure of the paw or a low growl by way of hint, they received a sharp reprimand. "Down, Brutus; silence, Cæsar."

O ye namesakes of ancient heroes! nay more, ye illustrators of what has been to the present day, and what will be till the millennium arrives. The cup overflowing for one and empty for another. The pampered, satiated nursling of prosperity, loathing even luxuries, and the half famished child of want suing for the crumbs which fall from the over-loaded table.

But does not the Father of all balance the account, when he gives to the poor man the healthy vigorous appetite which springs from laborious industry, and necessary abstinence, and denies to the indolent, selfish epicure, the power of enjoying the fruits of his accumulated wealth?

What are the spices of India, or the rich wines of the South to the miserable dyspeptic, who has had his good things, and partaken of them till the power of enjoyment is lost.

At length the supper was over, they ceased to urge and I to eat—all was removed and my friend and I drew up to the fire.

"I have wanted very much to see you," said he, "I am sorry you have had such an unpleasant ride; but I know you will not regret it, when I tell you, what I mentioned to you, that I have important business." He seemed to labour under some difficulty of utterance. I waited very patiently for the communication—he proceeded. "I wish to inform you that—Pray sit nearer the fire, I am afraid you are cold—to inform you that," again he hesitated.

I now thought it best to assist him. "I perfectly understand you, my dear friend, you wish to make your will. The last time I saw you, you were thinking upon the subject. I supposed this was why you sent for me just at this time, and I have come prepared to assist you with all my legal knowledge. You are quite right, making a will does not shorten life. On the contrary it has a tendency to prolong it; for when the mind is at rest, the health is better. I confess, however, that I feel a little heavy to-night, (I began to wish I had not yielded so fully to the tempting repast,) we will defer business till to-morrow, I shall then be bright and ready to accomplish any thing you wish. This is really a fine farm—how many acres of land belong to it?"

I had touched a string which vibrated to his heart—he spoke of his house as coming to him through a long line of ancestry, tracing it back to some of the pilgrims of the May-flower.

"It is not," said he, "built of perishable wood, but granite; and yonder are my barn and out-houses; every thing is in perfect repair. I shall not have to do anything to them for this twenty years to come. There on that side lie my woodlands, and opposite my peat ground."

He enumerated the barrels of apples, the bushels of wheat, the potatoes, pears, squashes and pumpkins, he had gathered in; in short there he sat with eighty years over his head like the monarch of the domain, nor do I think he would have been much surprised at the eastern salutation, O King, live forever!

"To-morrow," said I, "my dear friend, we will attend to business as early as you please; but I cannot help wondering that you have never found a partner to enjoy all this with you."

His eye brightened. "One would suppose," I continued, "that you were particularly formed for domestic life."

"I think I am, my dear friend," said he, taking my hand.

"How strangely the poor old man compounds language!" thought I, "he means he *was* once formed for it."

"I remember it was reported a long time ago, that you were engaged to a Miss Beals."

"There was no truth in it," said he with a smile. "I recollect the report, you and I were mere boys."

There was at least thirty years difference in our ages, I having just entered my fiftieth year.

"The truth *was*," resumed he, "I never met with the right one."

"Then you were fortunate never to have married."

"Yes," he replied, "I am very glad I waited."

"True, my dear friend," said I, meaning to be pathetic, "it can make but little difference to you now."

"All the difference in the world," replied he with animation, "as you will perceive when I explain the matter. I begin to feel somewhat solitary, it is my intention to marry. Mrs. Bell has—" at this critical moment, whether from some nervous affection, or from agitation, he was seized with an asthmatic fit of coughing, that seemed to threaten immediate suffocation.

I opened the door to call for help; but I had not far to go, for just at the key-hole stood the individual Mrs. Bell, alias, the housekeeper. She seemed a little confused, said something about being at hand, in case she was wanted—then rushed to the closet and seized some sort of julep, which she poured down my friend's throat. He soon began to recover, and waved his hand for her to retire; but I have a strong impression that she did not go further than the key-hole.

I was now wide awake; I had no disposition to sleep. I could have kept awake the whole night. It was now my friend's turn to fluter. He made

one or two efforts to resume the conversation; but appeared wholly inadequate to it. Again I called the housekeeper; she did not seem alarmed; said these attacks were not uncommon for him; that he would be better in the morning, and perhaps it were as well for me to retire.

I assented, and was conducted to a large old-fashioned sleeping room on the ground floor. It extended the whole length of the house front and back, was very low and made still lower by thick beams across the ceiling, to which were appended rifles and some small instruments of farming. In a recess stood a bed, hung with dark green woollen curtains looking dim and mysterious. A huge peat fire blazed in the chimney, which resembled a cavern. By the aid of this and my lamp, I examined various family pictures adorning the walls. Some were the worse for wear, having sundry holes through them, others had escaped the ill-usage of time, and stood bolt upright with flowing wigs and laced coats. What is the reason we have no puritanical dressed portraits among us? I never remember to have seen one, I think I should prize a genuine round-head. After preparing for bed, I looked out of the windows, or rather at them, for they were so filled with snow, as to be quite closed. It was still falling heavily; and the wind sighed and groaned round the house as if some of the originals of the mutilated pictures were moaning over their ruins.

(To be continued.)

THE FLOWER OF THE FAMILY.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY EPES SARGENT.

"I saw thee in thy beauty, bright phantom of the past!
I saw thee but a moment—'twas the first time and the last:
And though years since then have glided by of mingled joy and care,
I never have forgotten thee, thou fairest of the fair.—MRS. HALL.

THERE is a species of false generosity which would often persuade us to violate our duty to ourselves, in the wish to contribute to the comfort or preservation of others. This sentiment has been praised and encouraged by some moralists as a virtue. How many a novel-writer would seem to regard it as a laudable and admirable trait in his heroine's character, that she was ready to surrender her hand and person in marriage to some detested suitor for the sake of saving a father, a brother or a lover from shame, ruin or death! And yet when the tests of a high morality are applied to such an act, how unworthy and *unheroic* does it appear!

The Glenhams were designated by all who knew them as a "fine family." The father was a retired lawyer, who, after amassing a comfortable fortune, purchased a handsome country seat about ten miles from the metropolis, and bade farewell to the city for the greater part of the year. His wife had been a belle in her youth, but was now content with a respectable station among the fashionable matrons of the day, and occupied herself with plans for advancing the fortunes of her "girls" by means of eligible alliances. The daughters were five in number. Three sons, the eldest of whom was "in business" in New York, and the remaining two in college, completed the family circle.

"Pray who is that Mr. Summerall, Ellen, who was so attentive to you at the pic-nic?" asked Mrs. Glenham one afternoon of her second daughter.

"He is a young man, I believe, who has but recently left college."

"But where does he come from? Does anybody know his father and mother? And what are his prospects?"

"Of his pedigree I know nothing, of his prospects but little, save that he has not yet decided upon a profession."

"He seemed mighty particular, I thought, in his attentions to you. Where did he get introduced?"

"At Mrs. Trelawney's ball last spring. He was introduced by Mrs. Trelawney herself."

"That woman has such a passion for new faces, that she is continually getting into scrapes in the choice of her acquaintances. It was through her indiscriminate patronage that the French barber, who figured so largely at some of the balls last

winter, was smuggled into society. He brought a letter of introduction to her from some friend in Paris, who recommended him as an unrivalled *coiffeur*. Poor Mrs. Trelawney, not knowing what the word meant, took it for granted that it was at any rate something very genteel. She forthwith invited the fellow to dinner. He saw her mistake, and had the shrewdness to avail himself of it."

"I do not apprehend that Mr. Summerall will turn out to be any such character."

"Perhaps not, my dear. But I would have you exert a proper caution until we are satisfied in regard to him. The country swarms with adventurers."

Here this casual conversation was discontinued. The younger of the two between whom it took place, would at once have impressed almost any observer, who had the least pretension to taste, as unquestionably and dazzlingly beautiful. Her head was exquisitely shaped, and her features were of that classic, Grecian cast, which young sculptors delight to imitate. Her form and stature were in keeping with the symmetry of her face. Lithe, slender and elastic, every motion displayed some new grace, every glance of her dark blue eyes some new expression.

Ellen Glenham was rather peculiarly situated in regard to the rest of her sisters, who were remarkably plain in their personal appearance. It would seem as if those charms which should have been distributed amongst them all, had been lavished on Ellen, and in her concentrated. Of this superiority no one could ever have discovered by her manner that she was conscious. In her eyes they were all beautiful, for they loved her with a true affection, and were so proud of her that she had no occasion for any pride of her own. It was indeed a touching spectacle to see those four homely girls arraying their favoured sister for some ball or fête at which they had declined being present. On these occasions Ellen would have followed their example, had it not been for the imperative command of her mother, and their own gentle persuasions. How they would hang around her, dispose a curl here, and a ribbon there, and then stand off, and scan in smiling and enthusiastic admiration the beauties they had helped to adorn, and in which they themselves were so deplorably deficient!

But it was not solely in her personal attractions that Ellen excelled them all. In every elegant accomplishment she seemed to distance competition. Her music masters were surprised at the aptitude with which she became initiated in the intricate mysteries of their celestial art. She had a rich, rotund, melodious voice, and sang with remarkable effect. She touched the piano with boldness and precision, and there were few amateur performers who could be compared to her. To all these advantages, personal and mental, she added that of a sweet and sunny temper, a heart that responded through every fibre to the voice of affection, a soul which was even fairer than the casket in which it was enclosed.

The conversation between the mother and daughter, which we have already recorded, had not been concluded many minutes, when the subject of it himself, Mr. Summerall, made his appearance. A slight flush passed over Ellen's cheek as his name was announced. It was not unnoticed by her mother, who as she swept by her to leave the room (for the morning dress of the matron was as yet unchanged) whispered, with a warning glance, "Mind—no encouragement, Ellen!"

Was Ellen guilty of a deceitful degree of reservation in her communications to her mother respecting Mr. Summerall? We trust not. Her intercourse with him had as yet resulted in no positive avowal on his part of an intention to sue for her hand. But how much can the heart communicate without the aid of words! From the first moment when they met, she could perceive that the great emotion of his life was kindled. And though he never alluded even dictantly to the subject of his attachment, and though his manner was ever self-possessed and manly, yet Ellen could not escape the instinctive consciousness that she was beloved by him with all the ardour of a firm but passionate nature. To say that she was flattered by the discovery would be but feebly to convey an idea of the true state of feeling which it produced. Unknown to herself, her own affections had kept pace in their growth with his. She had never made one selfish inquiry in regard to who he was, or whence he came, whether he was rich or poor. She had never put to herself the question, "is his purpose marriage?" She was contented with knowing that he was the most agreeable young man of her acquaintance, that on entering a ball-room, he looked chagrined and disappointed till he found that she was present, when his eyes brightened and his whole demeanour underwent a change. Had Ellen instituted a serious self-examination, she would have been startled, however, at the positive nature of the preference which she felt. She was made aware of it at length.

"I have come to bid you farewell for a long, long time, Miss Glenham," said Summerall, looking intently in her face.

"You do not intend leaving the country?" asked Ellen in a tone of eagerness, at which she herself was so startled that a sudden blush overspread her cheek.

"Such is my intention," he replied. "I have finally abandoned the idea of attaching myself to one of the learned professions, and shall sail to-morrow for South America, where I have an excellent opportunity of entering upon a commercial career. Were I alone in the world, had I myself only to provide for, my inclinations would impel me to a different pursuit. But I have a mother and two fatherless sisters, who, if not in indigent circumstances, have been deprived by unforeseen events of many of the comforts to which they have been accustomed. The hope of assisting them has determined me in taking the step which I propose."

Ellen's voice trembled as she replied, "We shall be very sorry to lose you. When will you return?"

"Perhaps not for five years—perhaps in less time. Such being the uncertainty, I have long hesitated, Miss Glenham, whether it was generous in me to say what I am now going to say. And yet can words and protestations tell you so well as my actions and looks have already told you, that in you I recognise my heart's destiny, that I love you with a strong, deep, engrossing passion!"

"Enough! do not—do not!"—Ellen could only complete her sentence by covering her face with her handkerchief, and endeavouring to still her heaving bosom.

"Be tranquil, and hear me, my dear Miss Glenham. Love sharpens the faculties, and I am persuaded, and I know you will think me above all vain impulses in this, that there is no individual of my sex whom you regard with more favour than myself. I would not speak so plainly, were it not that I have but a few precious minutes to remain in your presence. I did not come to solicit from you an exchange of pledges, to entrap you into what the world calls an engagement, or even to learn from you that my affection was reciprocated. I have sought this opportunity simply to apprise you of the true state of my own feelings, to declare to you my deep, constant and enduring love, and to say that the hope of calling you one day mine, will sustain me through the years of toil, privation and absence, to which I look forward. And I implore you not to deceive me, even if in cherishing this hope I am presumptuous and deluded. Let me wear it like a talisman in my heart, let me beguile with it my hours of sadness in a foreign land, let it be my great incentive to exertion, the spur of my ambition, the idol of my dreams!"

The lover checked himself, for at that instant Mrs. Glenham re-entered the room. Young ladies in love generally have a repugnance to being found in tears by their mammas; and Ellen, to escape from scrutiny, rose and went to the piano. Her songs were hastily executed, however, and it was evident that her heart was not in them. Mr. Summerall took his hat, and approached to bid her farewell. Must she remain silent when there was so much to respond to? Must she not indicate by word or look that he might hope, that his affection was not wholly unreciprocated? She took up a

pair of scissors from her work-box, and severing a stray ringlet from her forehead, placed it in the hand that was extended for a parting grasp. So rapid had been the act, that it was unnoticed by her mother. Summerall pressed the unhoped for trophy to his lips, and, with a glance of inexpressible gratitude at Ellen, took leave of her and her mother. And this was all in the way of love passages that transpired between Ellen Glenham and Alfred Summerall! Who can say that he did not leave her as free as he found her.

A year passed by, bringing misfortunes to the Glenham family in its train. The eldest son, who was engaged in mercantile pursuits in New York, had been compelled to call upon his father for large endorsements, and finally, through inattention or ignorance, became so involved that his good name must either suffer irremediably, or he must raise a considerable sum. The money was supplied, the young man's honour was retrieved, but his father and his father's family were completely beggared.

We will not describe those gradations from affluence to competence, from competence to narrow means, from narrow means to destitution and dependence which the Glenhams underwent. The period at length arrived when they were obliged to remove from their stately manor-house to a humble tenement occupied by their gardener, when the boys were taken from college, and one of them sent to sea, and the other placed in a store, when the girls solicited work from milliners and upholsterers in the city, and when the father tried daily in vain to procure some humble appointment, no matter if it were no better than that of a tide-waiter in the Custom House. Ellen bore up under these privations with an indomitable spirit, and became more than ever the life and joy of the household, rising early and retiring late, and not shrinking from the most menial employment. Her trial, however, was to come.

Among the suitors whom she had known in her prosperity was a Mr. Wentworth. He was one of those negative individuals, of whom you could say nothing bad, and but little, for which he deserved credit, that was good. He was personable in his exterior. His manners were those of a gentleman, and he was perhaps as well educated as nine-tenths of the flatterers in fashionable society. His chief claim to consideration, however, lay in the indisputable fact that he was wealthy. He had made his money himself, too, by bold speculations, and he had bought a splendid house, and furnished it luxuriously. All that he now wanted was a wife who would grace his establishment, and whose charms and position would draw around her and him that fashionable world, in whose glare he was ambitious to bask. Ellen Glenham was the reigning belle. She was sincerely admired by the men, envied and caressed by the women. Wentworth offered himself when she was at the zenith of her popularity, and was rejected, although he had reason to believe that the mother favoured his suit. Time rolled on, and the report reached him

of the calamitous reverse of fortune which had befallen the Glenhams. He vigilantly watched their decline, step by step; perhaps he managed to hasten it a little by intrigues, which he was not ashamed to resort to; and when he had moulded an opportunity to suit him, he sent a liveried servant with a letter addressed to Mrs. Glenham.

At the moment of its reception the family were in a state of embarrassment and distress, compared with which all former sufferings seemed trifling. As if by concert, all the small tradesmen with whom they had had dealings, had the day before impounded them for the paltry amounts for which they were indebted. Mr. Glenham, after encountering a refusal from two of his city friends to lend him a ten dollar bill, had returned home, and remained in a state of stupor, hour after hour looking out of the window. Susan, the eldest girl, for the sake of saving a few shillings in stage fare, had walked from the city when the snow was on the ground, and contracted a violent cough, which she in vain tried to conceal. The weather was extremely cold, and but little fuel remained wherewith to keep them warm. Penury in its most frightful aspect looked in at their dilapidated windows.

It was under circumstances like these that Mrs. Glenham, who had little genuine fortitude of character, received Mr. Wentworth's letter. It contained a reiteration of his offer of marriage to Ellen, accompanied by a suggestion that in the event of his alliance with the family, it would of course be his pleasure as well as his duty to restore them to the condition they had formerly occupied, to reinstate them in their old mansion, and furnish them liberally with the means of sustaining their position. An exclamation of joy from Mrs. Glenham was the first announcement of the character of this communication. When it was made known to Ellen, a deadly pallor overspread her face, and she trembled violently, as if some internal prescience had told her that it was the knell of her hopes.

What should she do? She candidly avowed the truth to her mother and sisters. She told them that not only was it impossible for her to feel the remotest affection for the man who thus took advantage of their misfortunes to press his suit, but that her heart was pre-occupied by another's image. Mrs. Glenham's anger on hearing this avowal was without bounds. She charged her daughter with ingratitude, (alas, how selfish are we made by suffering!) told her that she would be the murderer of her father and mother if she did not accept the offer of Mr. Wentworth, and appealed to every feeling of self-sacrifice in her nature, to rescue them by a single word, as she could do, from degradation, squalor and daily indignities and privations. Ellen turned her pale face to her sisters. They said nothing until their mother had gone; but then, with a generosity that did more to shake her resolution than all their pleadings could have done, they besought her to withstand the temptation which had been presented, to keep sacred the shrine of her affections, and in spite of suffering and of death, to

adhere to the promise, implied if not avowed, which she had made to Summerall, when she gave him the unforgotten ringlet. Unhappy Ellen! Why did she not take the advice of these pure-minded and clear-sighted sisters.

She was the victim of a false notion of generosity and self-sacrifice. Because her inclinations impelled her so strongly to wait patiently, whatever ill might befall, for the man of her heart, she imagined that the path of duty lay in an opposite direction. She yielded to her mother's upbraidings and expostulations, and consented that she should despatch a letter to Mr. Wentworth accepting in Ellen's name the offer he had done them the honour to make.

The irretrievable step was taken. But what anguish did it cost poor Ellen to review it! And yet, measured by the standard of that erroneous morality which has been so much patronized by novel writers and poets, her deed was commendable, and she reconciled it to her conscience. Well for her had it been, had she bethought herself—

"There is a duty second but to that
We owe to the Creator—higher far
Than all the claims of country, kindred, friends,
Of government, society and law—
The duty of self-reverence!"

How doth the "whirligig of time bring about its revenges!" Not many hours after the fatal letter of assent had been despatched to Mr. Wentworth, a carriage drove up before the door of the humble domicile where the Glenhams were collected, and a young man, handsomely attired, stepped forth, and knocking for admission, inquired for Miss Ellen. It was Summerall! The death of a relative had raised him and his family to a condition of opulence, and he had left South America to assume the management of a handsome fortune in his own land. He had called at the house formerly occupied by the Glenhams, where he learned, to his dismay, of their misfortunes. Hurrying away to their present abode, he sought impatiently for her to whom his day dreams and his hopes had ever been true. She appeared, but how changed! What an expression of hopeless and helpless wretchedness had settled upon that face, in which every joy was once reflected! A few hours had done the ravage of years upon her features.

The painful truth was communicated by one of the sisters. Not a murmur escaped from Summerall's lips, although they quivered, and a certain shrinking of his form, as if a heavy blow had been inflicted on his breast, indicated the agitation within. He uttered no reproach, but, in hurried and slightly tremulous accents, wished Ellen "all happiness," bowed, and quitted the house. With

a groan of inexpressible pathos, Ellen rose from her chair, took one step towards the window as if to catch a last glance of his figure, then sank insensible upon the floor.

It was nearly an hour before she was restored, and even then the languor and lassitude displayed in every movement could hardly be called restoration. Days passed on, and, in accordance with Mr. Wentworth's arrangements, the family were re-established in their old house with their accustomed luxuries around them. A period for the wedding was fixed; and great preparations were made for its becoming celebration. The apathy and indifference which had marked Ellen's manner immediately after the engagement, seemed gradually to wear off. She began to take an interest in things around her, gave directions with some animation as to the style of her bridal dress, and received Wentworth with kindness, though she would never allow him to take a greater liberty than that of kissing her hand. On the morning of the wedding, her spirits were unusually bright. She appeared stronger and more full of life than she had been for months. Her eyes flashed with preternatural brilliancy, and there was a softness in her tones which went to the heart of those with whom she conversed. These signs were regarded as favourable by all except Susan, the eldest sister, who could not see them without weeping, for she could not escape from the recollection of an expression which had fallen from Ellen's lips the day after her last interview with Summerall: "Happen what may, I can never be another's. *We shall not be parted long.*"

The bridal party were assembled in the little chapel of the village. The question, the affirmative answer to which makes of woman a wife, had been put twice to Ellen, and twice had her head sunk convulsively on her sister's breast, without her being able to respond. As she made a third effort, nature gave way, and she fell, in violent convulsions, into the arms of her attendants, and was borne from the church. A state of rigid repose succeeded, during which she seemed as one dead. Suddenly, however, her limbs became relaxed, a smile of unimaginable sweetness irradiated every feature, she rose from her recumbent position, extended her arms as if to embrace some invisible presence, uttered in a tone of exultation the name of Summerall, and fell back inanimate. Thus perished the Flower of the Family!

It was not till some months afterwards, that intelligence was accidentally received in regard to Summerall. For reasons honourable to himself, he had embarked under an assumed name, *about a week before the period* fixed for the nuptials of Ellen Glenham, in the ill-fated President.

THE PASTOR'S VISIT.

BY H. W. HERBERT, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," ETC.

(See Plate.)

[The following story has, in certain parts, a bearing upon the politics of Canada, a subject in which our readers will feel little interest and no partisanship. The main narrative is in the author's best style. For this reason we have ventured to publish it, believing that the beauty and pathos of the narrative will be a complete offset to the rather warm expression of the author's views respecting the internal affairs of a neighbouring country.]

THERE is not perhaps at this day, a region of the whole civilized world wherein are so completely realized the old poetic fictions of pastoral life, of Arcadian innocence and ease, as in the districts adjacent to the St. Lawrence and its great tributary streams, in the Lower British Province. It has been too much the custom among us to depreciate these our simple minded agricultural neighbours; to speak of them as ignorant, degraded, lazy, and the like; and, above all, to stigmatize them as oppressed and unresisting slaves, too tame ever to feel the yoke which presses them. It is not in this place, of course, my object to enter into a political discussion, much less to undertake a defence of the British government, but thus much it is fair and necessary to premise, that it is questionable, to say the least, how far those people can be called slaves who possess precisely the same rights of representation with many of our own states, whose taxes are lighter than those which fall on any of our citizens, who, although a conquered people, have been allowed the full and unrestricted use of their own language in the courts of justice and of parliament, and whose religion has not only been secured to them, but fostered by the hand of government.

Be this, however, as it may, we are bound to consider them an ignorant race; for they can neither

write nor read, and this defect, alas! has rendered them too ready victims to the specious agitation of mendacious demagogues. I say mendacious, because it is remarkable that not one of the evil minded and ambitious men who stirred a quiet and contented race into hopeless rebellion, and then coward like abandoned them to their doom—that not one of these ever pretended to tell the people of Canada that they *were* wronged or oppressed—that would have been too fantastic. No! it was future tyrannies, a future abolition of the Catholic church, a future prohibition of the French tongue, that were held up to these poor people as measures in present contemplation, and soon to be put in force by the Home Government—measures which, it is needless to say, had never once been mooted by any past or present administration. Ignorant then they are; but to those who have seen their pleasant whitewashed cottages, their light toils, their easily secured abundance, their tastes superior to their condition, tastes probably imported centuries ago from the gay shores of merry France, their love for flowers, their evening dances on the greensward, their universal skill in music, their graceful old-time *politesse*,—to those, I say, who have sojourned familiarly among them, and looked upon the bright side of their character, it may be doubted,

and that seriously and gravely, whether theirs is not that ignorance which our Gray has not unphilosophically described as bliss, and of which the Roman dreamed when he exclaimed in rapturous apostrophe—

“O fortunati nimium sua si bona norant
Agricolæ.”

Nothing indeed can be more curious or more striking than the contrast between the two races, as displayed by a single step across the frontier, from the smart, driving, go-ahead population, and half metropolitan villages of Vermont or New York, full of water privileges, and variety stores, and newspaper offices, and schools, and lecturers on every topic in or out of creation, to the secluded, quiet hamlet of the French Canadas, where the old people wear the very costume which their ancestors imported in the times of Louis Treize, and where the very harness is made after the pattern of the seventeenth century. On the one side, all is anxiety, strife, bustle, turmoil—all one continuous rush each to overturn the other in the great race of wealth—wealth to be accumulated, not for the sake of that which it will purchase, but for itself, for the prestige it carries in its very name. On the other, all is repose, content, humble and unambitious enjoyment. No work is done beyond what is exactly needful to procure the *quantum suff.* for the labourer's necessities or pleasures. No one man looks far beyond the present comforts of his family; to earn these he works lustily, and these earned, he plays jollily! It is a pleasant thing on an autumnal afternoon, to enter, wearied perhaps with journeying, or it may be with the pursuit of game, one of their neat white-walled stone cottages, and enjoy the liberal hospitality of those light-hearted, simple minded creatures; to see their dwelling rooms decked with their images of saint and virgin, mistaken evidences, it is true, but of sincere and fervent piety; their stands of moss roses and *clove* or *picoti* carnations, such as Thorburn himself would own magnificent; their household utensils of brass or pewter, gleaming like gold and silver; their very floors scoured till they are white and lustrous as a frigate's quarter-deck;—and then the bright-checked, dark-eyed, raven-haired girls, dressed in their high crowned Norman caps, white as the driven snow, with russet apron and checked frock, all wrought by domestic industry; the neatly garnished board, with linen, coarse indeed, but beautifully white and redolent of rosemary and lavender; the rich white cream and golden butter; the fresh eggs and good brown loaf; the bubbling rashers, and, to conclude, the *petit coup* of eau de vie veritable de cognac; and above all, the smiling welcome, the merry chat in the gay old patois, full itself of old memories and antique romance, the true hearted hospitality that seems to think itself obliged, when in truth it confers obligation. Aye! and a pleasant thing it is to see them on the sabbath or the saints' day morning, thronging in glad but pensive groups to the porches of their fine, stone-built, steepled

churches, the girls in their broad, home-made hats of straw, with bouquets in their hands and perhaps in their bosoms; the men in their gray home-spun garb, and bonnets rouge and untanned boots, dependent on the manufacturer for nothing—in truth, for nothing except the pound or two of tea, the case bottle of cognac, and the annual frock of gaudy calico for each of *les creatures*!—and the good priest of the parish, with a kind greeting and paternal benediction for each one of his little flock. Aye! and most gay of all it is, and most pleasant, on a calm, quiet summer's evening, when the radiant sunset is fading from the western sky, and the full moon is soaring up above the elm trees, when the west wind is whispering peace among the tree tops, and all the toils of the hot day are over, to see the merry groups dancing upon the greensward to old tunes quaintly played upon the joyous fiddle, while the old men sit in the shade smoking or chatting in a rustic row, and the village matrons recall their own gay girlhood in looking on the sports of their young families.

Just Heaven! and what must those men feel; what must their hearts, their consciences—if they have heart or conscience—say to them in the watches of the silent night, who, for their own self-seeking aims and ambitious ends, drove these contented, happy peasants, to steep their hands in midnight massacre, their souls in rebellious guilt, and then basely forsook their self-constituted post as leaders, leaving their hapless and deluded followers to the bayonet and the rope, while they sneaked off to boast in public meetings of deeds which they had never dared to do; and now, when a contemptuous amnesty has removed the last shade of danger, sneak home again, perchance to plot new mischief and fresh treason!

There was not in the quiet days which preceded the rebellion, a prettier homestead in that land of pretty cottages, than the old-fashioned farm of Louis Carrier. It was a long, low, whitewashed edifice, its gable end facing the narrow road which ran along between the clear bright stream, a tributary of the grand St. Lawrence, which watered the green valley and the steep wooded bank, which rose close to the other end of the building to the height of an hundred feet, covered with a dense brake of hazels and white birch, with here and there a stunted cedar. In many places the stream, or little river—for such indeed it would have been called anywhere but in the neighbourhood of the vast Cadanaqui—ran so close to the hill side that there was barely room for the sandy road; but here the waters swept off in a large semicircle, making a sort of peninsula, across the isthmus of which the highway ran, dividing the house and its garden, which stood on the right hand under the shelter of the bank, from the little farm, its dependency, which swept southward down in a soft declivity toward the glittering river. The garden before the cottage windows, well stocked with vegetables and pot herbs, had yet a space set apart for the gay and sweet-scented flowers, which are so dear to

happy people; and in a sunny nook, scooped out of the sheltering bank, stood a long range of well furnished hives, whose busy inmates might be seen almost ever on the wing, buzzing about the well arranged parterres; at either side of the little road by the white gable of the cottage, grew a vast elm tree, overshadowing the way for many yards in distance with their arched limbs and pendent foliage.

Such was the rural scene, defaced by no pile of chips and sawdust, no broken fences, no wheels of broken carts, spare poles and whiffle trees, cast here and there at random; no broken sleighs or wood sleds overturned and left to be bleached by the rains and warped by the hot sunshine, until returning winter should again call them into use—as is so often seen about the doors of our abundant but unthrifty farm houses. Every thing here was in its place, orderly, neat, and comfortable. The little straw yard in the rear of the building, with its four or five sleek and comely calves, the pets and playmates of the children; the little stable, which sheltered the trim, sturdy, Indian ponies; the poultry yard, with its multifarious tenants; the glossy necked, plump pigeons, strutting on the thatched roof, tree, or wheeling round the farm buildings, all spoke of plenty even to redundancy. And at the hours of morn, sultry noontide, or dewy eve, the clear and softened accents of woman's gay happy voice, or the quick musical trill of childish laughter, told of the quiet bliss of the contented inmates. Never, perhaps, was there a happier family. Louis, still in the prime of life, a hale, strong, well formed, pleasant featured man, had married years before in the village church, where his father and grandfather and great-grandfather lay buried in the green graveyard, pretty Louise Pelet, the fairest and lightest hearted of all the maidens of St. Mary's. It was a love match then; and for once, permanent and stable, the fickle god had disdained to use his wings, and had continued to abide with Louis and his pretty wife, till he was altogether naturalized and domesticated as one of the rustic menage. Happy in their love, they had been happy likewise in their fortunes, and most rare luck in their children likewise. Their eldest, a sweet, meek maiden of fourteen, with the large pensive eyes and clear complexion of her mother, promised, like her, to be in her turn the belle of the hamlet; the second, a stout, ruddy little varlet of ten years, was already able to assist his father in the light labours of the little farm, and was even in advance of his tender years all that his parents could desire or hope. The youngest, little Louise, her mother's namesake,—the eldest had been christened Jacqueline, after her godmother, the aunt of Carrier,—was still a babe, a playful, tottering thing of three short summers, whose whole life had been one dream of birds and butterflies, of romping with the kittens or the puppies, feeding the chickens on the kitchen floor, and making the house ring with her artless and unbridled merriment. All things had thriven with the family of Carrier. No single

grief had occurred of weight enough to leave its impress on their lives. One child, indeed,—the second,—had been taken from them, but it had died so early that the roots of affection had not gained a hold so deep but that their place was soon filled up in the hearts of either parent. The elder members of the family had indeed passed away, but it was in the fulness of their years, and by a calm and gradual decay that they departed hence, as it were, step by step, unsuffering and uncomplaining, so that, although the lives of the survivors were saddened for a while by the removal of the dear grandmother and gray-haired sire, the gloom soon passed away like the shadow cast by an April rain cloud, and left the landscape radiant and cheerful as before the transient storm. Thus had things gone, improving still, and happier every year, and all in that lone farm were thankful and contented, until the winter long to be remembered and deplored, when, maddened by their denagogues, in spite of the warnings of their best friends, the village pastors, who, to a man, were true to their Queen and their God, the wretched peasantry rushed to arms, only to be overpowered by their enemies and deserted by their false friends. Meetings had taken place from time to time in St. Mary's, discouraged by the venerable gray-haired priest, but fomented by the notary, a young pert, litigious Frenchman, full of the pestilential doctrines of the directory, and by the village doctor, originally a tin pedler and vender of quack medicines and wooden clogs from the land of steady habits,—as its dwellers delight to call it,—wherein all the preliminaries of the rising had been concocted, arms got together, and ammunition retailed at no small profit to himself by the learned M. D. from Meriden, Connecticut; but at no one of these had Louis Carrier lent the sanction of his presence—for a little better educated and more intelligent than his compatriots, without being either smart or ambitious enough to aim at being a leader, he had perceived at once that there were in truth no grievances whatever to justify an armed rising, and that if there had been there was no hope of success while the whole English population of the province were true to their allegiance, and would be backed by the gigantic force of the mother country. Perceiving this, he had cut very short the private exhortations addressed to him alike by Doctor—or, as he sometimes called himself,—Gin'ral Hateful Meddler, and his worthy colleague and co-patriot Achille Alexandre César Napoleon Scapin, who were especially desirous of bringing over Louis, as the wealthiest and most influential farmer of the village, to their seditious plans. All was in vain, however; and though Carrier had too much of the chivalry of the national character about him to betray or denounce the plotters, he never spoke of the scheme of rising without disapprobation and distrust, or of the schemers without loathing and contempt.

Bold himself as a lion, he feared no man; and conscious that he had wronged no one, believed

whether in war or peace, he should be secure under his own roof, whether from his own misguided countrymen, to whom he had ever been a friend, or from the English, to whose authorities he had always proved himself a true and loyal subject.

But the time came that tried men's souls. The risings at St. Mary's and St. Charles', accompanied by the diabolical murder of Lieutenant Weir, in cold blood, and by the retreat of Colonel Gore's detachment, aroused whatever of bad blood there was throughout the country; and among the rest, excited the discontented spirits of St. Mary's to take arms, although he it said, the worthy Gin'ral Meddler, the very moment he discovered that his powder was likely to be put to some use, betook himself, as fast as hard-trotting horse could haul his sulkey, to the safe precincts of St. Albans in Vermont, and published the same day in the Palladium of Liberty a veritable account of the storming of Quebec by the independent and erect democracy of the Lower Province, and the total demolition of the British power on the shores of North America. At daybreak that same morning, —and here I write no fiction; *mutato nomine vera fabula narratur!*—on that same morning, before the sun had risen yet so high as to overtop the eastern hill, the armed band of St. Mary's patriots, headed by their now sole remaining leader, the doughty Achille Alexandre César Napoleon, halted before the door of Carrier. Aroused from his innocent sleep suddenly by the voice of neighbours, and, as he vainly fancied, friends, the good man came forth from his wife's chamber unarmed and unsuspecting. In few brief words, the choice was tendered him between immediate death and taking up arms as the leader of that rebel band; and when he utterly and scornfully refused to break his allegiance, even the time to make his peace with God, or to take leave of his loved ones, was denied him. He was tied to the elm tree within ten feet of his own peaceful door, and shot to death by the hands of his nearest neighbours, the rattling of the murderous volley telling the first news of danger to his distracted wife and hapless little ones. Fly not from earth, Oh, god-like liberty, indignant and abhorrent that crimes like these are wrought in thy dishonoured name!

The winter passed away, rebellion's spur grew cold, and needful justice done upon a few,—too few; for the most guilty, the murderers of Weir and Carrier, and the ringleaders of the plot, escaped,—peace returned to the devastated land, and mercy speedily resumed her sway.

But never peace returned or happiness again to the sad home which had been heretofore the scene of bliss too great, as it would seem, to be enduring.

It was a cold and gray spring morning. The snow, which still overspread the whole face of the country, was wasting silently away; the streams were filled 'brimful, turbid and dark, and swollen; the lowgrounds were overflowed with sheets of snow cold water; huge flights of geese and wild fowl, *hawking* and clanging though the dark at-

mosphere, were winging their way toward their northern fastnesses, glad at the breaking up of winter;—but as yet not a bud was visible on the gray ghostly trees, not an insect was seen floating through the dim air, nor the earliest even of the birds of passage heard chirping in the branches or about the garden bushes.

Without the house of Carrier, all spoke of melancholy and neglect. Even in this short space, "decay's effacing fingers" had been at work, and their fell touch was visible. Several pales of the garden fence had fallen and lay rotting in the half-melted snow; the house steps were unswept, and the garden walks, so carefully and accurately kept of old, were filled with the half-frozen slush; many panes in the windows had been broken and repaired for the moment with scraps of paper, or fragments of old clothing; the calves in the straw yard, no longer sleek and comely, looked ragged and half-starved, as they munched greedily some thrice picked cornstalks; while the ponies, lean, bony and uncurried, with their heads thrust out over the half hatch of the stable door, looking all hunger-worn and sorrowful, neighed fretfully as if to call for the kind master they had lost.

Within, though all was clear and tidy as in the happiest days, the scene was sadder yet. Words scarcely can describe its simple pathos. Propped in an easy chair near to the bed, which had been brought from the chamber into the large old fashioned kitchen, sat all that grief and agony had left of the once beautiful Louise Pelet. Her hair, black as the raven's wing until that fatal morning, was now all streaked with veins of silver, and her complexion ruddy, though unbrowned, as the cheek of a ripe pippin, was pale and chilly as the dank snow without; there was no gleam in her lacklustre eye, no smile on her white lips, except when now and then at the kind ministering of her beloved Jacqueline, or at the playful nonsense of the unconscious infant, a wane and watery gleam would flutter over her sad features, kindling them for a short moment with a bright fond expression, and then leaving them again all blank and soulless. Behind her mother's chair leaned Jacqueline, as neatly dressed as in her blithest and most palmy days, holding a cup of *tisane* in her hand, and watching with her fair gentle features all suffused with sorrowful anticipation the slightest movement of the beloved and now fast failing invalid. On the other side of a chair, stood a tall, thin old man, dressed in the peculiar vestments of a Romish ecclesiastic, feeling the pulse of the sick woman with a grave solemn countenance, fully aware that the days of his poor patient upon earth were numbered, yet eager to alleviate by every means in his power, the bitterness of that parting hour. Leaning against a chair beside him, on which were laid the slouched hat and umbrella of the good pastor, erect in a sturdy yet at the same time thoughtful attitude, gazing full on his mother's face with an eye that did not even wink, so earnestly and fixedly was it attracted to those dear features, stood the young boy—the

very image of his murdered sired, and that too not in form or feature only, but in all that he yet had to draw of character or spirit;—the very attitude in which he stood, then child as he was, expecting half unconsciously the stunning blow that was so soon to break on him, as if resolved to bear it manfully and stoutly, spoke volumes of the father—resolved and true unto death. But the most melancholy part of all that melancholy scene, sadder than the devoted aspect of the frail dying woman, than the calm, pensive, yet intense excitement of young Jacqueline, as she sought to read in the priest's face the sentence of her last parent, than the fixed, solemn hardihood of the young Louis, was the poor babe seated before her mother's feet, playing as joyfully in the unconscious bliss of infancy as though that greatest wo of orphanhood were not impending, cutting her barley cake with a small knife and portioning the simple dainty to her pet kitten, laughing the while from time to time, and clapping her tiny hands to see the cat eat till the kitchen rung, although no ear of the beholders but was too much absorbed to hear or notice that ill-omened merriment.

The last rites of the church had been finished, and the good father's lips had pronounced that absolution which HE alone can ratify unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom nothing can be hid.

"Father, good father," gasped the dying woman, "this world is well nigh over; a few short minutes more, and I shall be again with my murdered Louis. But it is hard, oh! father, it is hard thus to leave my little ones fatherless, motherless, and friendless; and it was cruel—cruel—cruel in those"—and a long, choking sob, cut short her utterance.

"Think not of them, think not of them, my daughter. Them shall their own souls afflict and punish here, and their God judge hereafter! And as for these your little ones, remember what the inspired king and minstrel said of such as they—'I was young and am now old, yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread,'—and thou art not forsaken, nor shall thy children be deserted, nor tempted here beyond

their power to bear. For thy God is near to thee even now, to smooth thy road into eternity, and HE shall be near unto them to guard and succor them for ever—for is not HE the Father of the fatherless, the helper of all those who call on him, that they are heavy laden?"

"It is true," she replied, very feebly, "my trust is in the Lord my God always. Let me embrace you once more, this one time more, my children," and with the words, she raised her frail form half erect, and clasped them one by one to her worn bosom, bathing their faces with her tears, and soothing their half stifled lamentations on that maternal breast whence they had drawn their earliest nutriment. "And thou, too,—thou too, my Louise," she cried imploringly, "who will teach thee to know thy poor mother that so worshipped thee on earth, thine everlasting Father who is above the heavens?"

"I will, I will," exclaimed the priest, moved to tears by her terrible emotion. "I, I will teach her, Louise Carrier; I will teach her and all these to remember and regret their good earthly mother, and to adore their heavenly father. I will watch over them, and they shall dwell with me so long as I am spared to tend this flock; and I will tend their worldly riches until thy son shall be of years and of strength to fill his father's place. I promise you, Louise, I swear to you,—and the great Lord and Father of us all, who hears my words, will aid me in the task, and bless their little store, and be unto them indeed all in all; for he hath spoken, even the Lord of Heaven and of earth—and which of all his words hath fallen to the ground fruitless and unfulfilled."

He said, and as he ceased to speak, a long faint sigh, half-syllabled into the word "amen," fell from her lips whence never issued sound again in this world.

My tale is but of yesterday, but so far have the good priest's promises been faithfully and tenderly performed; nor will those helpless orphans ever remember but with tears of gratitude the sad hour of their pastor's visit—last visit to their once happy home.